NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.

VOL. IV. JULY, 1905. No. 3.

THE SHAKESPEARE-MORGAN DINNER.

The Shakespeare Society of New York held its Twentieth Annual Dinner on the evening of Sunday, April twenty-third, 1905, at the Hotel Manhattan, in the City of New York. As the date was also that of the completion of the twentieth year of Dr. Appleton Morgan's continuous service as the Society's President, Dr. Morgan was invited to be the Society's guest, and was presented with a Loving Cup. Following is a full report of the proceedings.

After the dinner, the Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, Minister of All Soul's Church, New York City, took the chair and was handed the gavel presented to Dr. Morgan at Stratford-on-Avon in 1893 in commemoration of his seven years' Presidency of The New York Shakespeare Society.*

On taking the chair Dr. Slicer said:

"DR. APPLETON MORGAN AND GENTLEMEN: Allow me to express to you my appreciation of the honor which is mine in being asked to preside at this twentieth anniversary of the formation of the Shakespeare Society of New York. It is fitting that a Society which meets upon the birthday of Shakespeare because it is controlled by a memory, should place in the hands of its presiding-officer this little gavel, made from woods upon which the eye of Shakespeare himself rested in church and chapel.

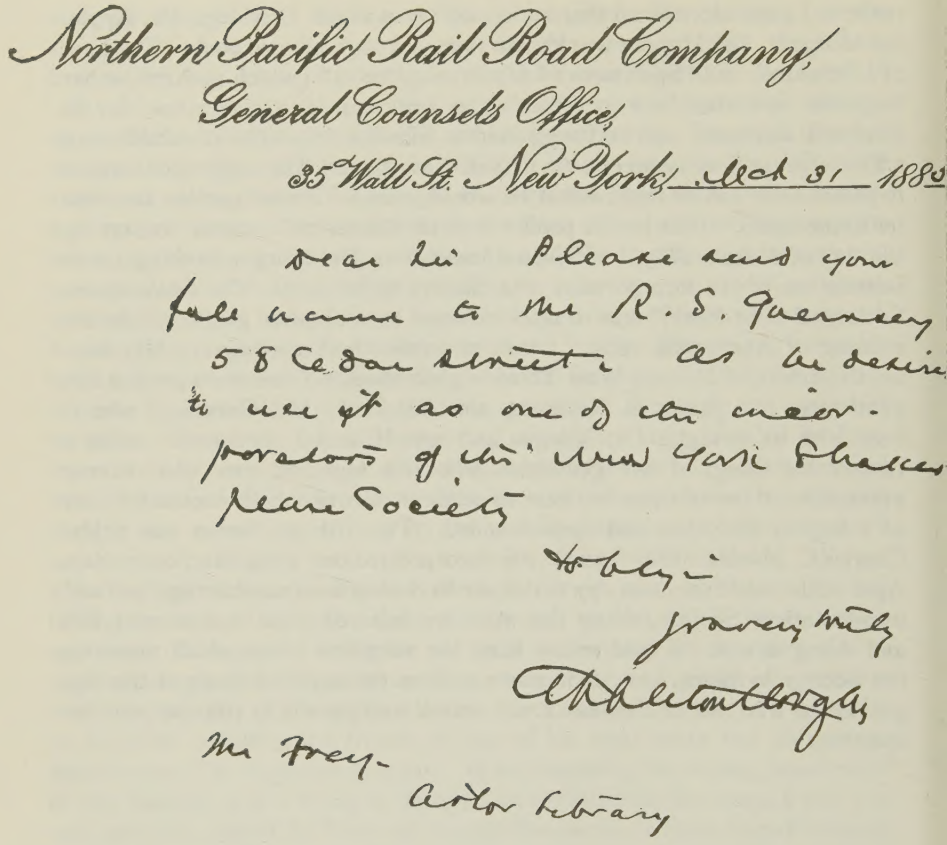
It seems not inappropriate that, being called together by the birthday of Shakespeare, our meeting should fall at the close of Easter Day. The whole Christian world has celebrated today the most dramatic aspect that claims religious thought. Whatever the varia-

*The handle of this gavel is of oak taken from Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon. Its head is from oak from the house of Judith Shakespeare (Quiney)—and it rests in a box made from oak taken from the Lady Chapel —where Sir Hugh Clopton, Shakespeare's contemporary, lies buried, and in the home which his daughter lived at Stratford.

tions of thought and faith may be which mark the thinking of the disciples of Jesus today, they agree in this, at least, that the Christian church has come into being in the faith that Christ is the Lord of Life. In some more or less positive way, the church has discovered that one who embodies the thought of God is not holden of death. The mind that has escaped the perils attendant upon a belief in special creation may still stand awed and adoring before the thought of an eternal generation and an unfailing creative energy. It is not difficult for those of us who are evolutionists in the method of our thinking to believe that all Nature, through immemorial time, has been travailing in birth to bring a man into the world. Indeed, when the worth of human life is considered, and its achievements measured, it is startling and compelling to think what the Infinite Energy has been able to do with our common clay. It may not be the function of either the literary critic or the doctrinal expert to yield his speculative faculty to the control of reverence, but we are not only enquiring minds, we are controlled by love, reverence and awe, and it is not an uncongenial temper in which we find ourselves this evening, when we measure the expanding power of our English thought and speech and history by the unfailing influence of Shakespeare's name upon the English mind. We are heirs of a great inheritance. We are a Society fortunate in having had, through twenty years of history, the unfailing devotion of an enthusiastic scholar and student of all things Shakespearean. It is easy to recognize our debt to the past, but we want also to register tonight our obligation to the contemporary, and whilst we proclaim ourselves disciples of the greatest master of dramatic literature, we wish also to subscribe ourselves the friends of one of his most acute and philosophic interpreters—Dr. Appleton Morgan. In summarizing the twenty years work of this Society, as it is fitting to do upon its twentieth anniversary, I will first call upon Mr. Albert R. Frey—at present the Society's First Vice-President, to respond to the Sentiment 'How we Began.'"

Mr. Frey.—When Mr. George Tweddell, in 1852, put forth a duodecimo volume, entitled, "Shakespeare—his Times and Contemporaries," he little thought that indirectly he was laying the foundation for The New York Shakespeare Society! His book, now long forgotten, was always a favorite of mine, and in February, 1885, I conceived the idea of extending it. This involved considerable research; and I was compelled to have recourse, almost daily, to the special alcove in the Astor Library devoted to Shakespearean and Dramatic literature. I had not pursued my studies for any length of time before I became aware that another gentleman was consulting the Shakespeareana in that alcove, and, by examining the register of alcove-

readers, I soon ascertained that my co-worker was our President, Dr. Appleton Morgan. Dr. Morgan was known to me through his two books "The Law of Literature" and "Specimens of Macaronic Poetry" (which perhaps he has forgotten now that he ever wrote thirty-five years ago), and, one day in March, I addressed him and suggested to him the feasibility of establishing a Shakespeare Society here in the City of New York. The suggestion seemed to please him, and he replied that he would consider it and mention the matter to me again. That he did ponder over the matter was evident, for, on the last day of March, 1885, I received a letter from Dr. Morgan inviting me to become one of the incorporators of a Society to be called "The Shakespeare Society of New York," and to meet him and several other gentlemen on the evening of April 16th, 1885. I well remember that meeting—in Mr. Reynold's parlors, at No. 104 West Thirty-eighth street. There were present five gentlemen, Mr. James E. Reynolds, now deceased; Mr. Guernsey, who is here with us to-night, Dr. Morgan and myself, and I consider it rather a remarkable thing, of five gentlemen who met together, then, that twenty years after, three of them are here to celebrate the twentieth successful year of a Society they then and there founded. The fifth gentleman was a Mr. Charles C. Marble. Our Society was incorporated one week later, on Friday, April 24th—and from that day to this we have been a successful, dignified and unostentatious Society, doing the work we believed there was a need for, and doing it well. I hold in my hand the very first letter which mentions the Society by name, and, as it also mentions the name of three of the five gentlemen who met to found it I will read it and pass it to you for your inspection:



Northern Pacific Rail Road Company,
General Counsel's Office,
35 Wall St. New York, Mch 31 1880

Dear Sir Please send your
full name to Mr R. S. Guernsey
58 Cedar Street as he desires
to use it as one of the incor-
porators of the New York Shakes-
peare Society

Yours truly

Mr Frey.
Astor Library

The very first official act of the Society was to tender to the venerable Dr. James Orchard Halliwell Phillipps, our First Honorary Membership—and he accepted it in a graceful and delightful letter, which the Society printed. In the letter Dr. Halliwell Phillipps gave a history of the First Shakespeare Society—and, so far as I know, it is the only history of that Society—which came to so abrupt an end through the Collier forgeries—which can be found anywhere. I may state here, what Dr. Halliwell Phillips further showed his appreciation of our Society by leaving it in his Will, all his forty years' collection of wood-blocks and electros of wood-blocks, which legacy we duly received—and have used liberally in our various pub-

lications—and which we still retain. It was at this meeting that Dr. Morgan was elected President—a position which he has filled to the Society's credit and satisfaction ever since. Indeed, we don't know where we could find another Appleton Morgan. Mr. Guernsey was elected Vice President, Mr. Reynolds was made Treasurer and Mr. Marble Secretary. I myself held the office of Librarian from the date of this meeting for many years. The earliest circular of the Society inviting membership bore as its motto Tranio's advice to Lucentio, in "The Taming of the Shrew."

> "No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en
> In brief, Sir, study what you most affect."

And this has been—and is today—the motto of The New York Shakespeare Society, and fully expresses its spirits—and its purposes. The membership rapidly increased. For the first seven years we held regular monthly meetings in Hamilton Hall, Columbia College, for reading and discussion of Shakespearean papers which the Executive Committee thought in any way valuable or suggestive, and when these papers were printed, they appeared with a vignette of the earliest "tricking," that is, the pencil sketch, made by Robert Cook, Garter and Clarincieux King at arms—when William Shakespeare applied for a grant of arms to his father, John Shakespeare in 1596 saying: —"John Shakespeare is recorded as one who 'hath lands and tenements of good wealth and substance, which are valued at five hundred pounds.'" In 1599, this grant by the Herald's College was said to have been confirmed, and John Shakespeare is said to have obtained leave to quarter the arms of his wife, Mary Arden, with his son. But if some people have wondered why The New York Shakespeare Society adopted this tricking (in which only the form of the arms, but the letters "p" for proper *"or"* for gold—and "sa" for sable still appear as the Herald marked them) instead of the more elaborate escutcheon usually called The Shapespeare arms, we tell them that it is because the records of the Herald's College certify that this we know at least—was given to Shakespeare. However wiseacres may wrangle about the elaborate escutcheon—as to whether or no it was issued or whether or no it was recalled—this at least is his very own! And we like it and have clung to it on that reason. An atom of certitude has always gone further in the New York Shakespeare Society than an ocean of conjecture or of incertitude. The arms represented a spear, proper, in gold, on a field, black, and added the quarterings and crest of the Arden family. I should add at this place, that these united arms were later used on the seal

of Shakespeare's daughter and her descendant Lady Barnard. But we can find no trace of them ever having been used by anybody during William Shakespeare's lifetime.

When the earliest publications of the Society appeared in the summer of 1885, the covers were in black and gold and this tricking of the Shakespeare arms and crest on the verso of the outside cover. The honor of preparing the first of these papers was Mr. Guernsey's. His "Ecclesiastical Law in Hamlet" was followed by Dr. Morgan's "Study of the Warwickshire Dialect." My own "Shakespeare and Alleged Spanish Prototypes," was the third one published. Then followed Dr. Halliwell Phillipps' letter accepting our Honorary membership and relating the History of the famous First Shakespeare Society; Mr. Vining's "Time in the Play of Hamlet;" Dr. James Davie Butler's "Once Used Words in The Shakespeare Plays," and Mr. Adee's elaborate Plea for a Uniform Line-notation of the Plays, which urged that such Stage-Directions of the Plays as were contained in the Quartos and Folios were as much Shakespeare's as the text, and should be numbered inter-consecutively with the text. And this plan, I may add, was the plan we did adopt and carry into effect in our Bankside Edition.

All these black and gold pamphlets are now practically unobtainable, and very high sums have been lately paid for them. Other publications followed, and we in 1889 accepted the Editorial conduct of SHAKESPEAREANA— a Magazine which had existed in Philadelphia with varying fortunes for about ten years—and we made a success of that also. This then, gentlemen, covers the period of "How we Began," and it brings us to our great undertaking "The Bankside Edition," and to our Poe Cottage episode. But, as Kipling would say, "that is another story," and the telling of these shall be left to another speaker. I want to add one thing, however, to the honor of the late Dr. Frederick Barnard, then president of Columbia College, and the first president of Columbia University! When he saw in the newspapers an announcement of the formation of this Society, he wrote to Dr. Morgan inviting the Society to use one of the Halls of Columbia for its meetings—saying "My idea of a University is that it will concentrate all the laudable literary activity of its vicinity under its walls." Later on, Dr. Barnard himself applied to the Trustees for, and obtained and presented to our Society a copy of the resolutions of the Trustees of Columbia University, conferring upon the Society the perpetual right to assemble within its walls. The permission reads as follows: No. 149 Broadway, Room 41, New York, January 6th, 1886.

Appleton Morgan, Esq.:

Sir.—I have the honor to inform you that at a meeting of the Trustees of Columbia College in the City of New York, held at the College on Monday, the fourth day of January, 1886, the following resolution was adopted: *"Resolved,* That the application of The Shakespeare Society of New York to hold its monthly meeting (eight yearly) in one of the halls of Columbia College, be granted. Yours respectfully, Gerald Beekman, Clerk." The hall designated for the Society's meetings was Hamilton Hall, of the then site of the College at Forty-ninth street and Madison avenue, and in that hall all the early meetings of the Society assembled.

Hon. B. Rush Field, second Vice-President of the New York Shakespeare Society then addressed the Chairman as follows: Mr. Toastmaster and Fellow Members: Mr. Frey, our first Vice-President, has given us a very interesting account of the labor that fell to the lot of the founders of this Socity in building its foundation. Truly their work has been well done, when we consider that, for twenty years, the Society has continued its organizatoin, has been from the first, successful—has encountered no atom of that opposition which is usually the lot of novel movements—has accomplished its work in abundance and in thoroughness, has received not one atom of adverse criticism from any source; and finally, as the result, has reared a superstructure upon the foundation its founders erected that for prestige and dignity is accorded by the United States Bureau of Education, the encomium that "The Shakespeare Society of New York is the foremost American Literary Society, both in character and in the material elaboration of its publications." It is my pleasant privilege tonight to say a word or two of the "Bankside Edition of Shakespeare," the Society's crowning achievement, its unique edition of Shakespeare in twenty-one volumes and upon which the Society, if it did nothing else, could well afford to rely for its laurels. All editions of Shakespeare up to the appearance of the Bankside, from the oldest to the latest, presented to the student, not what Shakespeare saw in print during his lifetime, but what was printed seven years after his death in the great First Folio of 1623. The Bankside did more—it not only reprinted this great First Folio—but it paralleled with its text—and numbered consecutively—and collated line by line, the quartos that were issued during the life of Shakespeare—what he himself saw in print—and what he himself allowed to remain in print. It seemed to this Society that, whatever Editors of Shakespeare had done before its day; at least the man who reads Shakespeare's Plays has a right to be—if he chooses—his own commentator, and to decide for himself if he chooses—what Shakespeare wrote or did not write

—And this privilege this work of our Shakespeare Society has given him. As to those editors who, not content with supplementary notes, sometimes change the text in accordance with what they think Shakespeare must have meant, we have no comment to make. All their work is of value, and every one of their editions is a stone upon great Shakespeare's Cairn. But just as soon as an author or a dramatist presents words, sentences or theories capable of different interpretations—just that soon the natural desire of the real student is to see the original manuscript or the earliest edition in order to judge for himself as to what Shakespeare wrote, and what careless printer—in those days of no proof readers—may have made him say; and we believe that this parallelization (I had almost said, this "Banksiding") has convinced us (if any of us ever doubted it), that Shakespeare never wrote ambiguously—or nonsense; and that in the marvellously few occurrences of what are called "Cruces Shakespeareana"—he himself is a better interpreter of himself—than are all the commentators, ourselves included, put together! Our Bankside satisfies that student's taste and meets his every need; anxious as he is for original research, he need not there be hampered by the opinion of others, nor mystified by the changes that this or that commentator may have made. In the publishing of this great edition the most punctillious care was necessary to have exact reproduction, to reproduce every broken type—every inverted or improperly selected letter, every superfluous punctuation—or (what was most perplexing of all)—every punctuation-mark used for a space-mark by the slovenly or illy-equipped printers of Shakespeare's day. No one appreciates the work of other Editors of Shakespeare, Mr. Chairman, better than do those who themselves edit Shakespeare. Our Society did not propose in its Bankside Edition to supersede other editons. Indeed it was because other Editors have done so magnificently that our Society felt justified in considering these other Editions as complete in their line, so that this Society could follow out its own line of departure, feeling that all the less basic work had been done already!

These twenty-one volumes, edited by our President, Dr. Morgan, with the assistance of a number of members of the Society, has proven our crowning achievement, and every literary institution of any prominence in the world has upon its shelves this invaluable edition. Associated with Dr. Morgan in this work were many of us who are here tonight, and several who are not—and two have passed to the Majority. But the Society has Dr. Morgan to thank for the conception and for the successful completion of this monumental work by his brilliant scholarship and his incessant labor. And you have not only well served the Society. You rendered a service to the City

of New York and to American Letters when you undertook to preserve to posterity the Poe Cottage. It is a part of the history of the City of New York, as well as of this Society, that you went before the Legislature of the State of New York, before the Governor, and again, before the Mayor of the City, and (where strange to say your work was the hardest) before the Park Commission of this city and argued for and finally succeeded in securing the appropriation for Poe Park; and it was through your efforts that this Society (although unable to purchase outright the Poe Cottage from an owner who had learned, (as is usual in these cases) only too well what its sentimental value was to this people) was able to lease the Cottage and keep it open for the public inspection during the summer of 1895, and so to arouse that general interest which resulted so happily in the construction of the beautiful park just opposite the Cottage itself, which is called by the Poet's name Poe Park! The Society appreciates this, my dear Doctor. Not only your earnest care during the publication of the Bankside, but at all times during the past twenty years your watchfulness, ability, and willingness to assist us all to produce useful work, have endeared you to us. We wish you another score of years to continue your successful guidance, and, with this hope on behalf of the Society, and in commemoration of your twenty years of service to us, permit me to present you with this Loving Cup.

Dr. Field here handed to Dr. Morgan a splendid silver Loving Cup ten inches in height and eight inches in base-diameter. Upon one of its faces it bore the tricking of the Shakespeare Arms made at the Herald's College in 1596, and below—to the left—the arms of MORGAN. Upon its second face was the inscription:

PRESENTED TO
APPLETON MORGAN, LLD.,
By
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK
at its Twentieth Annual Meeting in the City of New York, April 23rd, 1905.
IN COMMEMORATION OF HIS TWENTY YEARS OF SERVICE
AS
President of the Society.

Upon the cup's third face was the following: Donors—B. Rush Field, Albert R. Frey, E. P. Vining, Alvey A. Adee, R. S. Guernsey, W. O. Bates, Thomas R. Slicer, Henry M. Doak, Willis Vickery, Beverley E. Warner, Homer B. Sprague, E. Merton Dey, D. C. Woodcock, John E. Whitaker,

Joseph H. DeGrange, Henry Abbey, T. Guilford Smith, Walter S. Logan, Fred R. Drake, J. Y. Dale, Albert E. Berg, William H. McElroy, Wm. F. Le Beau Gill, Cornelius Christie.

Dr. Morgan said: Gentlemen, My Friends! You confer an immortality upon me. For those that come after me will not put this splendid cup out of their sight. Its beauty will keep it before them, and so they cannot forget me in three days—which is, I believe, a liberal estimate of mundane immortality—nor can they forget the names inscribed here, of every one of which I am proud, and shall grow prouder as years advance! Gentlemen, you could have conferred no greater honor upon a man who had been successful in finding—as perhaps I have myself tried to find—a path through life which did not lead exclusively back to one's self! If, as you remind me, I have presided for twenty years over the deliberations and studies of The New York Shakespeare Society, perhaps that presupposes a certain amount of fluency in words. But you will not expect me to be fluent tonight, in accepting, from my heart, your beautiful Loving Cup. But will you pardon a somewhat elderly gentleman if I say, that—along with the pride with which I accept it, there is a little bit of personal vanity? That I feel a little vain to think that since this cup has come to remind me that you have known me for twenty years. I must have worn somewhat well. Had it come at the end of a year or of five years, I might have felt that perhaps you only gave it because you had not found me out for what I really was. We can, all of us, as Hamlet said—accuse ourselves of such sins as that it had been better if our mothers had not borne us! But for twenty years surely I could not have deceived you into accepting me as other than as I am! And now, gentlemen, in thanking you—and thanking the Society which has been so near to my heart for twenty years—for really there has nothing been nearer my heart than this Society; and actually you are rewarding me for only doing that which it has been in my heart—and of my own selfish inclination and personal taste to do—and so realizing I can only thank you and renew to you my love and fealty, perhaps there are one or two points upon which it would seem not inappropriate on this occasion to touch. It is, as Mr. Frey has said, a pleasant as well as an unusual thing that we have at this table three of the five gentlemen who had met twenty years ago in Mr. Reynolds's parlor on Thirty-eighth street and founded the New York Shakespeare Society. And, do you know, gentlemen, that I do not believe that there was one of those five gentlemen, who really believed—deep down in his consciousness—that we were gathered there for a transient purpose, or for social purposes, or for an experiment, or a fad—and that we would soon disappear with waning zeal

and the arrival of new and more absorbing interests? I believe that, on the contrary, every one of us was convinced that there was real, quiet, earnest work that we could do, and that we proposed to do it, and that if we had been told then by a prophet that we should enjoy twenty successful years, we would each one of us have said: "The Society proposes to live longer than that." Twenty years is a very long span in one human life time, Gentlemen. But for a Society like The York Shakespeare Society it is only a segment of a circumference. I am sure that the legend—the motto—the precept—of our Society carries with itself a surety of long life. Mr. Frey has told you what that precept is. "In brief, Sir, study what you most affect." Now in all ages to come surely will men do that! Will study what they most prefer and most affect! Mr. Chairman, our friend, the London New Shakespeare Society organized under the sentiment—also from Shakespeare. "Society, saith the text, is the happiness of Life." That is a good motto, too! But it would have answered equally well for a Bridge-Whist Club! And our precept, taken together with our impulse first of all to be Catholic: to admit anybody who came to us for loving study of the date and environment and biography of William Shakespeare—and of the history of the Text of the Plays and Poems of William Shakespeare—to make him welcome whatever individual views he might have—so that with us he could study what he himself did most affect—establishes, I lovingly believe—our permanence as a Society! If he was of opinion that William Shakespeare was a pseudonym for Queen Elizabeth, or for Lord Bacon, well, he would be lonesome, but he would find that belief quite optional, and he would be welcome to be one of us. We would not dismiss a poor Baconian into outer darkness, where there was wailing and gnashing of teeth, as "half-educated," "half-baked," as "a Raw-American," (as our Scandanavian friend, Dr. Brandes, says all pro-Baconians are), we had not found that half-baked or half-educated people were interested in such questions at all, and Baconians, with all their deficiencies, do at least know how to read and write; and they know how to be a woeful thorn in the flesh to us, too; they are far too well informed for us plodding Shakespeareans. They have read too many books, have constructed too many brilliant paradoxes, ask us altogether too many troublesome questions; and while we orthodox people are plodding doggedly along, repeating what Rowe and Pope and Warburton and Theobald and Malone told us to say an hundred years ago, these clever infidels and heretics are burning the midnight oil and digging away at German and Spanish and all other Continental preserves, and studying Elizabethan, and even prior fields, and are lying in wait to floor us with what they find there. And then, too, let

us forgive the sin of him that loveth much, and never forget that Baconians are devout worshipers of the text we call (and which they also call, by the way) "Shakespeare," and that the whole basic hypothesis and building of their heterdoxy is that the plays are too splendid and too massive to be the product of even a darling of the gods whose actual biography they cannot bring within planetary space of the literature he has christened his. I am not one of the faltering ones myself. But I cannot dim my eyes to the fact that, in their very breath and fibre, the Drama and Poetry of Shakespeare, are purely Patrician—that, just as the pages of Charles Dickens are committed to eulogia of the Proletariat and of the Poor, so Shakespeare's purple page always exploits Kings and Courts and Prerogatives and Class and Class privileges; and I have myself often wondered if this could have been so superbly the work of a new-comer from poor squalid little middle-English, Stratford-on-Avon, and from that lowly threshold in Henley street with that looming sterquinarium before it; or whether it could have been inspired by a nod from the courtly Southampton or the curled darlings in his lordly retinue! However, when lawyers want a trial of an issue and to get the decree of a court, we enter a general denial and go to trial. And so, to bring out the truth—and the truth will come out yet, Mr. Chairman—let us formally deny that Shakespeare was anybody but himself, William Shakespeare, and go to the jury on the issue! I, for one, have no fear of the verdict! And now, Mr. Chairman; if you will order the doors locked, I will tell you the truth about the Baconian Theory! I want the doors locked because I don't want to do or say anything that shall by any means put an end to the Bacon-Shakespeare discussion. For I want it to go on forever—for my lifetime at least! It is a large part of the pleasure I get out of life, and I am sure I have no other pleasure so absolutely without alloy! Perhaps I am revealing a lawyer's secret when I say it, but you have noticed in cross-examination that lawyers often strive to elicit contradictory accounts of the same fact from different witnesses, and so to argue that, by reason of such differing statements, there was no such fact at all! But the truth is just the other way! If a dozen or less witnesses give conflicting accounts of a certain occurrence, it is thereby the more—instead of the less—probable that there was some occurrence of the sort for them to disagree about! If these witnesses had conspired to establish a Fiction, they would have rehearsed it so as to have agreed perfectly as to its minutest detail! Now, to apply this to the story of William Shakespeare, we find that, as Dr. Field has said tonight, those who saw the Quartos of Shakespeare's Plays in print were in a position to know or hear whether there was any Shakespeare or not, and we have collected hundreds

of allusions, casual remarks, opinions and bits of gossip from those who were living and saw those Quartos in print, and who saw the plays themselves presented on the boards of all those London theatres; and, while their accounts or mention differ in details, not one of them hints that there was no playwright or dramatist named William Shakespeare, or that what they saw might have been somebody elses work! And, again, take, as we must, into consideration the fact that precisely the same conditions obtained then as obtain now as to the publishing trade; that is to say, it was conducted for profit and not (you will pardon the slang) for the publisher's health! And just as today a man might write poems and novels and plays galore, and be unable to get anyone to print them, or mount them, or even to read them—until at last he scored a success—when everything he had ever written would he hunted up by the publishers and printed; or by the theatres and presented on the stage—just so when Shakespeare achieved his first great popular success with Falstaff and the three bottle-ale rascals—"irregular humorists" —Bardolph, Pistol and Corporal Nym, and the theatres were packed from pit to dome to see these—then everything that Shakespeare had written was demanded! And so it is not the laborious counting of "stopped" and "unstopped" endings, and run on lines that helps us to guess at a chronology of the Shakespeare Plays! To be sure, this demand created by the Falstaff plays resulted in the seeming anomaly of such largely inferior work as Titus Andronicus appearing in the same year as that perfectest of Comedies the Merchant of Venice, and that most exquisite Epithalamium, the Midsummer Night's Dream. But negatively at least, it relieves us from the necessity of supposing that Shakespeare was writing banalities and masterpieces at one and the same time! I don't want to be too hard on the Verse-Tests which have perhaps received more ridicule than they are perhaps entitled to! But if we simply understand that Shakespeare, as a beginner—(for everybody must begin—even a Shakespeare must begin somewhere) wrote his plays in rhyme: but as soon as he found that his actors spoke their lines more effectively if written in the Marlowan blank-verse; and so discarded rhyme altogether; then we have a chronology without resorting to any whimsical verse-tests at all! There is really, Mr. Chairman, only one safe touchstone for judging of the value of a Tradition! And that touchstone is the question, "Was there anybody living at the origin or birth of that Tradition whose interest it was, or who had any motive to, pervert Facts?" Under this test I have, I think, myself loyally accepted all the Shakespeare traditions; that is, all except three, and these three very immaterial ones, and not touching or affecting any authorship theory at all. The three I have never been able to

accept are, of course, the story about Shakespeare and Southampton being inseparables, the Autograph letter from King James, and Queen Elizabeth's crossing the stage while Shakespeare himself was playing King Richard the Second! These all seem to me to be inherently improbable not only, but to be traceable to somebody whose interest it was to invent them (a Member, "Why?") Well, I will tell you briefly why. There don't seem to be any contemporary presumption or rumor of the noble Lord Southampton's special friendship for any commoner, Shakespeare or anybody else, except that Shakespeare (as did almost all the other poets of the time) dedicated two poems to him (Southampton liked to pose as an Elizabethan Maecenas). And the Sonnets we call Shakespeare's were not dedicated to Southampton at all. We have almost come to read that Dedication "To Mr. W. H. All happiness," as "To Mr. W. Hall,—Happiness!" Erroneous as such a reading might be, would it not be honester than a deliberate statement that Shakespeare dedicated those sonnets to Southampton; when, as a matter of fact, Shakespeare did not dedicate them to anybody—Southampton or anybody else—and when, moreover, they were not dedicated to a nobleman at all—but to some humble common person, familiarly alluded to as "Mr. W. H.," the pleasure of whose acquaintance has been denied us? There were a great many William Halls in Stratford at about that time! If we only could read it that way, think what oceans of controversy would be dried up! As to the King James' autograph, it never turned up as an asset of Shakespeare's estate; and, however careless of MSS. of Plays his Puritan Executors may have been, they were quite as fond of money as the Cavaliers, and would have been open to the cash value of a King's letter. And as to Queen Elizabeth on the Stage, well, there is of course no objection to our believing it, but it dates from no contemporary time, and Sir William d'Avenant liked to tell big stories, as we all remember! What motive for the Southampton Friendship story? Well, possibly the publishers of the two poems or of the plays for that matter could have utilized it.

Applying this touchstone to the story of Shakespeare and the Tradition that he wrote those Plays, we are obliged, I think to confess that the men who saw Shakespeare's plays acted on the Stage, and who read them in the Quartos had no motives to doubt who their author was! The printers, I admit, had a legal right to call (or rather, there was no legal reason why they should not have called), them by any author's name they pleased. But what motive did they have for falsely calling them Shakespeare's? Shakespeare was not an immortal in those days, with a commercial value to his name. If they had called them Marlowe's, then we could have said that their motive was evident

enough! And now, Mr. Chairman, you have my solution of the Baconian, or of any other Authorship hypothesis!

But as I have said, I don't want these anti-Shakespearean theories to cease being discussed. Their discussion is bringing out new facts at every point. You know that the Baconian is not the only anti-Shakespearean Theory by any means! There is, for instance, an already well-fledged theory that Marlowe (after killing that man Archer in a duel or a quarrel) was hustled away and concealed from the Sheriff's officers by the theatre-managers, and employed in seclusion, and employed to supply them with plays, and that these plays were announced as Shakespeare's to keep up the story of Marlowe's death! And I, for one, want all these theories to be aired and discussed, if not for the sake of the facts elicited, then for the sake of the Gaiety of Nations! But I must say I don't care to hear the Baconians abuse William Shakespeare personally! To me he is the gentlest, truest and most attractive of men! There is no record of him except what is lovely and lovable, no dishonest word or act attributed to him. And if, as Mr. Frey has told this evening, there was a doubt as to whether John Shakespeare was entitled, or his son William Shakespeare was entitled to that Coat of Arms. at least let us remember that William Shakespeare never paraded it, never used it at all. In fact, on the conveyancee of the Blackfriars property when it became necessary to use a seal, he, William Shakespeare, sealed with a seal bearing the letters H. L., which he borrowed for the occasion. If he had been in the habit of using arms he was not entitled to, he could have used those arms then! No, Gentlemen! We need not fear that we are worshiping William Shakespeare! Dr. Field has reminded us that, from our origin until now, we have elicited no hostile criticism. That is, we think, because while we made no claim to an exclusive access to anything to which everybody else had not access, what we did claim was, that we had precisely the same access to original Shakespearean things as anybody else had, and that if we preferred to verify what we were told, instead of simply accepting it without verification, we could do so! I remember, however, that soon after we started, a newspaper in this city remarked that it did not suppose our Society would have any difficulty since it had its path cut out for it by the New Shakespeare Society of London! Now that was just what this Society did not propose. The New Shakespeare Society of London was a splendid body of scholars. But it accomplished its great work in spite of and not because of the two "fads," to exploit which it was declaredly founded! viz: to determine Shakespearean chronology by counting the ends of verses, and to spell "Shakespeare"—"Shakspere"! The first of these fads seemed to us

childish; and the second too late! If we had been living in Shakespeare's own days it would be all right to spell it that way of course; since in those days—few people spelled at all and those who did spelled precisely as they pleased! But, even in those days whenever the name got into print at all—in the mention of contemporaries (chroniclers such as Fuller, or Aubrey, Dugdale, or editors such as Langbaine, or on the title pages of books)—everywhere it is spelled in the full-vowelled form which all the world and the New York Shakespeare Society adopts! And yet so dignified a body as was the New Shakespeare Society, made a point of the shortened form, because, forsooth! one of its members asserted that he had so construed the letters used in one of the great Dramatist's own signatures (one of those scrawls which the learned world accepts or does not accept as Shakespeare's signature precisely as it feels inclined at the time!). The gentleman with equal propriety might have announced that the Society should call itself "The Willm Shakprer Society," because the Montaigne signature apparently reads that way! And besides, any English lawyer could have instructed the Society that a man's name is one thing and his signature (so that he only wrote it himself) quite another! A man's name may be Jones and his signature "JN" or "Js," or the scrawl called a "cross" or his "mark." It was not long before our Baconian friends perceived the advantage that this fad of the New Shakespeare Society people gave them, and announced (and are still announcing) that the Dramatist was S-H-A-K-E-S-P-E-A-R-E, and the young fellow from Henly Street, Stratford-upon-the-Avon, "Shaxper," or anything else that sounds like it! These are some of the reasons, Mr. Chairman, why we did not follow in the path hewn out for us by our predecessor the New Shakespeare Society of London; though we recognized our indebtedness to the exceeding value of the sixty or seventy admirable volumes which that Society added to the world's Shakespeareana. In the presence of these the scholarly world will soon forget that the late New Shakespeare Society of London ever counted Shakespeare's "stopped" and "unstopped" "endings," or misspelled his deathless name!

But when we founded this Society, what we first and foremost resolved upon was, that—as we were to be a Publication Society—we would not add to the already teeming Libraries of Esthetic criticism. Eulogy-gush—to the "appreciations," so-called, of Shakespeare! We were not going into the business of gilding refined gold! We proposed to walk the earth even if we had to load our shoes with lead to remain on the surface! What we proposed to do—and what we have done—in twenty successful years—has been

to reprint (as Dr. Field has described to us)—in our Bankside Edition of the Plays—what Shakespeare's contemporaries—those who know whether there was any such man as Shakespeare or not—beheld, and let our own contemporaries read and mark and learn—and, if they saw fit, inwardly digest. And so, while I do not look forward to a very old age myself, and while we none of us are yet in our salad days, yet I do look forward to many cycles yet of The New York Shakespeare Society! The first Shakespeare Society came to an end by the Collier forgeries, by the over-earnest appetite to find out more than was findable about William Shakespeare. The second, "The New Shakespeare Society" of London, disappeared from the effects of the hectic over-zeal of a member who wanted to be the whole Society, (and who was permitted to be the most of it), and could not tolerate even one scholar therein besides himself. Both were noble societies and did noble work. But The New York Shakespeare Society has already numbered more years than either of them attained—and I confidently believe that of neither of the above causes has it within it seeds or signs of discontinuance.

And it is now my severer and solemn duty, Mr. Chairman, to call up here the memories of those who have left us—our Necrology. Here it is: James Orchard Halliwell Phillips, David Thomas Morgan, Clement Mansfield Ingleby, Carl Elze, Martin W. Cooke, Augustin Daly, Thomas W. Keene, Nelson Wheatcroft, Samuel Forehand, Cushman K. Davis, William C. Elain, Samuel Timmins, Sheridan Paul Wait, Thomas Randolph Price, Elias H. Calkins, James Ewall Reynolds, John Fiske, Irving Browne.

To most of you, Mr. Chairman, these names carry their own story. They were all faithful, true men. Of one of them, and of one only, (time is of the essence, we have many speakers to hear from tonight, and when we are asked what o'clock it is, we cannot say as Katherine said to Petuchio, "whatever hour your Majesty pleases," we are slaves tied to hours). Of one of them I wish to say a few words, because I knew him well, and sometimes thought that he said things to me he did not say to everybody—Augustin Daly. He was a man of few friends, and regretted that it was so. He was harsh even to beautiful women—but it was because he was an idealist and in the glamour of his goal saw—could see—nothing else! I do not assent that this is ethically right. But this was Augustin Daly. As he himself said (at the great Dinner which The New York Shakespeare Society gave him nine years ago to-night in recognition of his splendid mounting of Shakespearean Comedy)—it is hard to be avoided by those whose opinions one cares for because you are not hail-fellow, or what is called "a good fellow," one who will drop any business on hand for a social glass or a social evening! But

one who has Ideals—is their slave—and is driven by them where and whither those Ideals will! Augustin Daly believed first of all and last of all—in Service—and if one rendered Service—he or she was lost in the Service—Mr. Daly once told me that if an actor or an actress came to him and did splendid work and won oceans of applause—he would cast him designedly, as soon as he had ceased acting that role, into some very minor part, to test his loyalty to his Art. If he or she stood that test, nothing that Daly's theatre could offer was too much for that actor or actress, and Mr. Daly, on teling me this added, sadly, "But very few of them do." And I never shall forget one commemoration of this characteristic of Mr. Daly. At his funeral in the stately Cathedral on our Fifth Avenue, at that magnificent requiem mass, there sat in the seat of honor—in the first pew—the bent and hoary form of Mr. Daly's negro man-servant. That poor and white headed old negro had rendered his late master Service—the best that was in him; and, Mr. Chairman, whoever we are, the best that is in us is all that you and I can render! And Mr. Daly was an earnest and affectionate believer in our work, Mr. Chairman—especially in our triumphant work of preserving Poe's little cottage at Fordham—and in the creation of that little sylvan spot, Poe Park, which like the genius of Poe himself is at once umbrageous and tender and restful. The world has none too many men such as Augustin Daly was, Mr. Chairman. But I must not take up all the time, there are others to be heard from here—and I thank you for your attention.

Mr. Spencer said: Mr. Toastmaster—I came here not prepared to speak, but merely to listen and to testify by my presence something of the esteem and honor in which I hold our President and his labors in the Shakespearean cause. I would, however, say that one of the elements of strength of our Society, it has always seemed to me, has been that catholicity of spirit to which Dr. Morgan has referred, which has allowed the widest latitude of opinion upon all questions of Shakespearean interest, and which, while committing us, as a Society, to no particular doctrine, has always made us willing to turn an attentive ear to any sane discussion of any doctrine whatever. As to the Baconian theory I have myself a most open mind, ready to be convinced if conclusive arguments are brought forth. Although at present I am a firm believer in the rightfulness of the claims of the man from Stratford, I am so because, in my judgment, the unchallenged statement put forth at the time by those who had no interest in certifying to a falsehood must remain as embodying fact until actually disproved by tangible evidence, which has not as yet been done. But, although a question of fascinating interest, it has never seemed to me a vital one. With Hamlet I say, "the play's the thing," and in

that bundle of three dozen plays which we are accustomed to call the works of Shakespeare, we have material enough to engage our most profound consideration, whether the mighty mind that conceived them was encased in an earthly form, known to the world as "William Shakespeare," or, as "Francis Bacon." Dr. Slicer has spoken of the moral influence exerted by Shakespeare's works. I am no believer in the German story of the so-called "tendency drama" as applied to Shakespeare. I do not beileve he wrote one play to show the evil of jealousy, another the evil of ambition, and a third that of avarice and so forth. But, nevertheless, imbedded in the all-comprehensive delineation of the human soul in its conflict with the laws of the universe—these things may all be found. If you will pardon a personal allusion, I can testify to the powerful factor these plays have been in shaping my own life. And, by the way, it is a striking testimony to their vitality and inherent strength and worth, that—in the course of a short life—I have been able, nearly three hundred years after they were written, to see twenty-seven out of thirty-seven of these plays upon the stage. I shall never forget the night I saw my first Shakespearean play, which was Macbeth. I listened to those heart searching soliloquies of the king, culminating in the words:

> "Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more: fie on't! t'is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing."

Keenly the impression was made upon my consciousness that this was the vivid picture of life given by one who had sold his soul to the devil to obtain (and one who had obtained) the most sought-for objects of his ambitions. From that day forth I ceased to pursue merely "a walking shadow," but turned the energies of my being toward some more substantial goal. I want to testify to the help and inspiration our honored president has been to me all through my study of the works of the great master whose birth we celebrate today. What I have most admired about Dr. Morgan is the sanity of his mental poise. There is in his treatment of Shakespearean topics no sentimentalism, no gush, no esthetic rhapsody. Fertile in ideas, as he is, I would apply to him, in closing, the words of York:

> "Faster than springtime showers comes thought on thought
> But not a thought but thinks on dignity."

Mr. Guernsey spoke of his pleasure at being one of the twenty-year survivors of the three founders of the Society, and Mr. Drake, while agreeing with Dr. Morgan's proposition, as he understood it, that the Society discouraged the business of painting lilies and gilding refined gold, wanted to make an exception in the case of William Winter, whose books on Shakespeare in his (Mr. Drake's) opinion had done more to spread a popular appreciation of Shakespeare than the books of any one man of the century.—

Dr. Morgan: "I fully agree with Mr. Drake! We can say of Mr. Winter, as Dr. Johnson said of Goldsmith, 'nullum quod tetegit non ornavit.'"

Dr. B. Rush Field then read the following letters addressed to the Chairman, selected out of more than forty received.

In sending regrets for my absence from your feast, I wish to add a word in appreciation of Dr. Morgan and his work. I was first fascinated by this in his admirable articles (afterwards gathered into a volume) entitled "The Shakespearean Myth," contributed by him twenty-eight years ago to "Appleton's Journal." While I did not agree with the conclusion arrived at in those articles, that the Shakespearean plays were the product of several authors, I could not choose but delight in the clear style in which the articles were written, and in the vivid picture of the time of the great dramatist, which they incidentally presented. It is pleasant for me to think that, while Dr. Morgan has been tolerant, even to the Baconian theory, he has recanted his earlier deductions and is, I believe, an orthodox Shakespearean. On the lasting value of his services as President of The Shakespeare Society of New York, I need not dwell; they have been characterized by a genius for the work and a thoroughness and devotion that were without thought of self or reward. The great poets, no less than other great teachers, are almost as nothing without their following. Disciples are the good ground into which the sown seed falls. They are the true posterity of great men. They circulate in the present the real importance of the past. It is not too much to say that from the worshipers of heroes, literary, scientific and other, the urgent needs of the world get their balm. For the worshiper must have in himself something of his hero, else he may not make his hero's thought luminous to the hour. How large then, must be the scope of his mind, how wide the knowledge of men, of nature, of science, history, philosophy, that is capable of being truly a Shakespeare Scholar? That Dr. Morgan is that, and all it implies, there can be no question. And may the Loving Cup be ever to his modesty a reminder of the fact! This cup is a representation of what a man is apt to get when he has worked for the work's sake—for the love of it! Sooner or later he is

WILLIAM OSCAR BATES, Ph. B.

Recording Secretary of The Shakespeare Society of New York.

(From a life study in oil by Charles Noel Flagg)

paid in kind. Honor is reflected love—a sort of moonlight. The gods devised it to cheer the solitary. In the long run it is better than the wealth that most men work for. But the greatest do their toil *con amore*. It is commonly believed, however, that your literary hero—Shakespeare—worked merely for money. But his revisions disprove that.

I have the honor to be, most sincerely yours,

HENRY ABBEY.

It is with very great reluctance that I am compelled to forego the privilege and pleasure of being present at the dinner to Dr. Morgan on the birthday of the Master to whose elucidation and identity he has devoted so much profound analysis and brilliant hypothesis. Into the ocean of Shakespearean criticism he has poured a fresh-water current which has sadly shocked some very big fishes, but brought reviving mountain ozone to a good many others. From the Bard himself he has borrowed the art of being grave gaily, and of keeping his readers charmingly entertained even when most mystified as to his own convictions. From the terra firma of unquestioning faith I have watched the airy unfaltering step with which he has balanced himself above the Baconian abyss, with an admiration which often ran into fascination—but never into a desire to be a passenger in his wheelbarrow. The clustering memories of a comradeship of twenty years, move me to send him through you my affectionate felicitations and heartfelt good wishes on this memorable occasion. Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM O. BATES.

It is with great sorrow I beg to announce the death of my father, Col. Elias A. Calkins, a life member of your Society, and Editor of the Bankside Richard III., who died in this city November 24th, 1904, after a prolonged illness. I trust you will pardon the delay in acknowledging the receipt of your letter, but my heart has been and is, too full of grief to feel interest in other matters. My father was an ardent, sincere admirer and friend of Dr. Appleton Morgan, and, I am sure, were he alive, he would gladly join in any testimonial to Dr. Morgan's genius and ability. Hoping that the Dinner will be very successful, and the Loving Cup all that you wish it to be. I am, very sincerely yours,

HARRIET A. CALKINS.

Regretting that I cannot take my place at the banquet given to Dr. Appleton Morgan, allow me, at least, to express my regrets and profound apprecia-

tion of his worth as a man and as a laborer in the field of Shakespearean endeavor. Others have assumed more ambitious roles; I feel sure that, of English-speaking men, none has done, in a quiet, painstaking, careful way, more than Dr. Morgan, to illustrate the life and genius of the great dramatist. His "Studies in the Warwickshire Dialect" alone stamped him a man of patient labor and of rare judgment. As an humble admirer of Shakespeare's work, I have made some desultory study of the text of a few plays, of the æsthetic features, of the dramatic points; and I have gone no further; but I have been able dimly, but deeply, to appreciate the wonderful value of Dr. Morgan's line of work. Permit me to suggest a sentiment:

———"There is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe such straight arms, none." Cymbeline iii, i. Very truly yours,

H. M. Doak.

Say to Dr. Morgan that I am speeding Westward, and not Eastward—Ho! and so cannot be at the Dinner. But that the spirit of good-will, and the love and respect of those for whom and with whom he has worked all these years, is the best reward he can know.

E. Merton Dey.

Circumstances over which I have no control will prevent my attending the Dinner to be given on the 23d inst., in honor of Dr. Morgan. This I greatly regret, for as a student of Shakespeare, I have not only long felt myself under great obligations to him, but I have also become very fond of him personally, and would gladly bestow upon him all the honor it is possible for a "lunatic Baconian" to bestow upon one of the faithful. Truly yours,

Edwin Reed.

I am exceedingly sorry to be compelled to tell you that it will be impossible for me to attend. How sorry I am you may imagine when I tell you that I had looked forward to the meeting of the members of The New York Shakespeare Society with a great deal of pleasure, and I certainly should have enjoyed meeting Dr. Morgan and being present at the time of the honor being done him. He certainly has been a faithful President of the Society. While I am not there in person, I hope to be there in spirit, and wish you would extend my heartfelt good wishes to Dr. Morgan and for his future as well as that of all the members of The New York Shakespeare Society.

With kindest regards and hoping that you will have a successful time, I am, fraternally,

WILLIS VICKERY,

Dr. Morgan is one of my oldest friends, and I am sure that no one appreciates his ability and scholarly accomplishments more than I do. Faithfully yours,

WILLIAM H. MCELROY.

I am glad to join in the presentation of a Loving Cup to our President, Dr. Appleton Morgan. I shall try to be present on the occasion of its presentation, but, whether I am or not, I trust, and have no doubt but that it will be a Red Letter Day for all who shall be fortunate enough to participate. Very truly yours,

D. C. WOODCOCK.

Although it is impracticable for me to attend the Dinner and other exercises of the Shakespeare Society of New York on the Birthday Anniversary, April 23d, prox., yet I heartly sympathize with the spirit that prompts the celebration, and especially the idea of presenting a "Loving Cup" to our distinguished President, Dr. Appleton Morgan. We are all greatly indebted to him; and although I have not met him, I feel a strong personal regard for him. Heaven bless him. Permit me to propose the following sentiment: Our distinguished President: Like Lord Belarius in Cymbeline, wise, brave, honest, and honorable; but, unlike him, not a disguised but a veritable *Morgan,* loyal to King Shakespeare, and known and read of all men! I have the honor to be, fraternally yours,

HOMER B. SPRAGUE.

The following telegram came during the banquet:

New Orleans, La., April 22nd. Rev. T. R. Slicer. As I am unable to be present at the Dinner to be given April twenty-third to our esteemed President, Dr. Appleton Morgan, will you kindly convey to the chief guest and the assembled members of the Society my words of greeting and good wishes. And I can find no thought more befitting the occasion than this from our immortal bark:

"May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years
Ever beloved and loving may his rule be,
And when Old Time shall lead him to his end
Goodness and he fill up one monument."

Henry VIII, II, I.

JOSEPH H. DEGRANGE.

Edward Merton Dey, St. Louis, telegraphed:

I beg leave to thank you for the privilege of participating as a guest at the Society Dinner, in New York, and, also, for the privilege of joining with others in the presentation of a Loving Cup to Dr. Morgan.

Hon. Alvey A. Adee, Assistant Secretary of State, telegraphed from Washington:

When loving hands pass the Loving Cup, remember those who are unavoidably absent, but who are with you in spirit and join you in wishing health and happiness to Doctor Morgan.

Hon. T. Guilford Smith, member of the Board of Regents of the State of New York telegraphed:

Please assure Dr. Morgan my regrets that I cannot dine tomorrow with him and his friends, and assure him of my personal esteem.

Conversation becoming general.

Mr. Berg asked if Shakespeare's fortune came from his play writing—or his theatres? Dr. Morgan said Shakespeare grew rich as his Stratford investments prove, and his Will disposes of what was an unusual fortune for a private citizen of those days. We never find his name in Henslowe's books. Probably he loaned liberally himself to his fellow actors. As for those unpaid taxes in St. Helen's Place—perhaps they are accounted for by Shakespeare having sublet his house there on condition that the lessee pay the taxes—and that Shakespeare's attention was not called to the omission to do so.

A Member.—"If those taxes are still unpaid, let's pay them."

Dr. Morgan.—I think we had better not be too precipitate. The total in 1593 was five shillings for two levies of one and eight pence for 1592, and another of two shillings and two pence for 1593. I am afraid our treasurer might be unable to meet a draft for the compounding of that down to to-night. No, I don't think Shakespeare's wealth came from any profits on printing his plays in Quarto. There were about fifty members of the Stationers' Company who helped themselves to these in one or more editions. And I am glad to forgive them for their piracies because they used such durable paper. If they had printed on those compounds of wood-pulp and sulphuric acid we call paper today, we would not possess any Shakespeare plays at all! The profits of mounting these plays were, I think, the foundation of Shakespeare's fortune, and I am inclined to think as a lawyer, that the fact that Jaggard and Blount in 1623, the year that Mrs. Shakespeare or Mrs. Richard James—

once Mrs. Shakespeare—died; entered for copyright the sixteen plays not already printed in Quarto, and then printed the whole thirty-six in Folios. I am inclined to think this tends to show that Shakespeare gave these sixteen plays for her lifetime to his wife. The others had been entered of copy, and so were not his to devise. This too, would account for his not mentioning any literary property in his Will. I think with Mr. Abbey, and I believe he was the first to urge it—that the fact that Shakespeare revised and rewrote and published and "newly agumented" his plays, goes far to prove that he did not, as Pope charged, write for revenue only. I have always accounted to myself—however the explanation may fail to satisfy others—for the occult and otherwise inaccessible lore in the plays—(such as, for example, the creations of a certain unmentionable class of Cypriotes—some thousand years or so before Shakespeare was born) by believing that Shakespeare—like his fathers—was of the old religion and gave shelter to as many of the thousands of "learned clerks"—scattered by the dissolution of the monasteries—(then recent)—as found their way to him. These bookish men had spent their lives in scraping old parchments to make palimpsests, and had read all the old lore before scraping it out, and there being no other means of support open to them, why should they not have asked charity or employment of faithful Catholics? There were no newspapers. But Shakespeare had a use for literary material. And, if you account for Shakespeare's possession of all that occult and generally inaccessible lore, there is mighty little left of the Baconian Theory!

Mr. Frey spoke warmly of the late Irving Browne—an early member of the Society whose irresistible humour permeated everything he touched. This led Dr. Slicer to speak of the Historian John Fiske—also a deceased member.

Dr. Slicer recalled his paper on "The Baconian Madness," which he wound up by saying that it would soon be announced that "Lord Bacon created the world in six days and rested on the seventh."

Dr. Morgan.—"Yes, and in that same paper he charged that I was making soil for Delia Bacon weeds to grow in! I wrote him to please add, when he printed that paper in a book, that I concurred—with the proviso that both should be let grow together until the harvest."

Dr. Slicer closed the meeting by saying that he was glad from what had been said tonight, to be reminded that The New York Shakespeare Society did not require any one to give bonds to always believe in any one proposition or set of propositions. He believed that that was the tendency of things, and that the time would come when

no body of men, religious or scientific or literary would be asked to pledge its members, never, under any circumstances, to change their minds upon any subject whatever!

Dr. Morgan.—Before we adjourn, in closing the twentieth year of our Society's life, may I add that at a recent meeting of the Shakespeare League—which is a sort of survival of the defunct New Shakespeare Society of London—a gentleman is reported to have remarked that the field of Shakespearean discovery was closed and sealed up—that there was nothing more to be revealed to the researches of Shakespearean Scholarship! It seems to me that he omitted one thing. It seems to me that there is one question remaining to be solved. Who wrote the so-called Doubtful Plays? Somebody wrote them. Somebody seems to have signed Shakespeare's name to them. Is it possible that about a score of persons wrote a play apiece and then disappeared from the face of the earth forever, leaving no trace or footstep behind them? One of the heavy arguments of our Baconian friends is that Shakespeare could not have emerged from the obscurity of the illiterate little town of Stratford-on-Avon, and instantly have begun writing Dramatic masterpieces! Is it possible that these so-called "Doubtful Plays" were Shakespeare's early and journey-work? I beg to commend this question to your studious endeavor at the threshold of our second twenty years!

On motion of Mr. Frey is was resolved to send the following message to the German Shakespeare Society: "The Shakespeare Society of New York on the occasion of the Society's twentieth anniversary sends its fraternal regards and congratulations to The German Shakespeare Society, and begs to tender its admiration and its thanks for its noble and incomparable work done in the study and exegesis of our greatest English Dramatist by its German brethren."

Mr. Frey was named a committee to properly convey the above resolution to the German Society.

DEPARTMENT OF TEXTUAL CRITICISM

Conducted by EDWARD MERTON DEY, ESQ.

[Contributions to this Department need not be typewritten. Correspondence should be addressed to Mr. Dey, P. O Box 1063, St. Louis, Mo.]

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. V. II. 36—

Our contemporary, Notes and Queries [London] of October 29th, 1904, prints the following from Mr. Henry G. Langford, of Philadelphia:

'THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:' FRIAR PATRICK.—In looking over the brief file of a namesake of yours, *Notes and Queries*, published in this city some twenty years ago, but which seems to have lived scarcely as many weeks as you have lived years, I find this bit of Shakespearean annotation, signed Appleton Morgan, later President of The New York Shakespeare Society:—

"While possibly a little too ready to prefer a morsel, however minute, of circumstantial evidence to acreages of opinion in Shakespeare matters, I should be puzzled to know what opinion to form of what is (it seems to me) an item of circumstantial evidence of something—if one could only guess of what! Videlicet, 'Romeo and Juliet' was printed in quarto by John Danter, in 1597; 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' was never (so far as we can ever know) printed in quarto or otherwise until the First Folio in 1623. In this 1623 version (the only one we have), at V. ii. 36, 'Friar Lawrence' is printed for 'Friar Patrick.' Is this to be accounted for by the fact that the copy-holder, or copy-reader—*i. e.*, the person who read the copy for the compositor to set up the type (which was the way things were printed in those days)—had lately read 'Romeo and Juliet,' and was led to the slip of the tongue by the similarity of the situation where Sylvia should meet her lover at Friar Patrick's cell, to the meeting of Romeo and Juliet at Friar Lawrence's? If so, the error is curious, but adds nothing to our store of information about Shakespeare things (except perhaps that the copy-holder who read for the First Folio compositors in 1623 had served in that same capacity in Danter's printery in 1597).

"But, if the error was in the copy he read from—say in an original manuscript made by Shakespeare himself, or even in a transcription made by a copyist—then it seems to prove that 'Romeo and Juliet' came before 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' instead of, as we have always been so fully persuaded, that 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' was a sort of first form of, or thumb-nail sketch for, 'Romeo and Juliet.'

"It is all very interesting, but unfortunately—like so many Shakespeare items—so very elusive! If we only had a stage history of 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' that copy-holder's error might lead us to important discoveries."

Has there ever been any explanation of the crux above noticed by Dr. Morgan?

In a subsequent issue—of Notes and Queries, Dec. 31—Dr. Isaac Hull Platt replied as follows: Touching Dr. Appleton Morgan's emendation in 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' I think "Friar Laurence" is not necessarily an error for "Friar Patrick." Another friar may be meant, but this is not likely, as there seems to be no need for a second. It is not likely to be a printer's blunder. No printer could mistake Patrick for Laurence. To leave this, then, out of account, three possible ways occur to me in which the error may have arisen. It may have been a blunder of the copy-reader, of a copyist, or of the author himself.

Perhaps the subject will seem more interesting if it is noted that a similar blunder occurs in the same play. In Act I. sc. ii., Speed, being in Milan, welcomes Launce to Padua, a place with which the plot has no relations whatever. Now this associates 'The Two Gentlemen' with 'The Taming of the Shrew' almost as clearly as the heterophony of Laurence for Patrick does with 'Romeo and Juliet.' This double confusion would not be likely to occur to the copy-reader, nor to a copyist, unless he were indeed the editor of the First Folio, and had all the plays more or less in mind, and that is not very probable, for the reason that in the order of the Folio the three plays are widely separated. But in the order of their production it is conceded that they must have come pretty near together. It appears to me that the most probable explanation is that the author had the three plays in mind at the same time, and that the confusion was his own. Indeed, this is rendered more probable by the fact that there is still another blunder in the same play, which is demonstrably the author's own. In Act V. sc. iv. ll. 128-9, Valentine says:—

> Do not name Sylvia thine; if once again
> Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands.

The context shows that Milan is meant, but Milan will not fit the metre, and Shakespeare must have written Verona. As part of the action of the play does occur in Verona, it is easy to see how this accident probably happened, and it is significant only in this, that, Shakespeare having been convicted of one blunder, it seems more likely that the other two were his also. If this could be positively shown to be the case it would seem to be pretty strong evidence that 'The Two Gentlemen,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' and 'The Taming of the Shrew' were written at about the same time, but of course we never can be quiet sure about anything connected with these matters.

ISAAC HULL PLATT.

The Players, New York.

On March 11th, my reply, as follows, appeared:

"The interesting comment from Dr. Morgan and Dr. Platt is its own justification, but, with all respect for the opinions of my betters, it is clear to me that the circumstances require that another friar be meant as witness to the flight of Silvia and Eglamour. The appointment was for Friar Patrick's cell in the evening, and from there the fugitives went to 'the forest not three leagues off.' If Friar Patrick had expected to meet Silvia at his cell at a certain hour, it is hardly probable that he would have been wandering in penance through a distant forest, where it is stated a friar met and recognized Silvia's companion. Note the care with which it is explained (V. ii. 38) how the second friar happened to be absent from his priestly haunts—he was doing penance. Friar Lawrence was evidently not discharging the duties of a confessor at the time he met the wanderers in the forest, since he was then himself a penitent, which is an additional reason for our believing that he was not the Friar Patrick who was to have met Silvia at the cell."

E. M. D.

In 'Notes and Queries' of March 11th, I also suggested the following: 'Love's Labour's Lost,' I. i. 47-8.

> O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
> Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep!

So far as I have noticed, no review of the latest volume in the "New Variorum" series mentions the somewhat remarkable slip in the textual note on the second line quoted above. It is, of course, agreed that *to* is understood before each of the last three verbs. It is not true, however, that *not* is understood before the second and third verb, making the line read, as Furness gives it,

"Not to see ladies, *not to* study, *not to* fast, not *to* sleep"

Dr. Furness overlooks the fact that the poet states the "barren tasks" as follows:

"Not to see ladies (negatively), *to* study (affirmatively),
To fast (affirmatively), not *to* sleep (negatively)."

According to Biron's way of thinking, "not to see ladies" was a deprivation; but "not to study" and "not to fast" would scarcely be considered hardships —the "barren tasks" which he was seeking to escape.

E. M. D.

Books Received

[Subject to second and extended review in subsequent issues.]

151. Lives of Great Writers. In the Days of Shakespeare. By Tudor Jenks. Illustrated. Cloth, pp. 288, 16mo. New York. A. S. Barnes & Co.

152. The Shakespeare Story. An Outline. By George P. H. Lewis, K. C. Ex. M. P. Author of the Tenth Edition of Taylor on Evidence, etc. 12mo, paper, pp. 112. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.

153. The Star of Bethlehem. A Miracle Play of the Nativity. Reconstructed from The Townley and other English Cycles of the XIII, XIV and XV Centuries, and supplemented and adapted to modern conditions. By Charles Mills Gayley. 12mo, boards, pp. 70. New York: Fox, Duffield & Co.

154. The Red-Letter Shakespeare. Each volume a separate play. Dramatis Personæ printed in full and rubricated. Cloth, seven and one-half inches by four inches. Pp. about 100. Decorated. Glasgow and London: Blackie and Son. The Tempest, p. 102. The Merchant of Venice, p. 120. Leather, 1s. 6d. Ed. net. Cloth, 1s. net.

155. Work for Cutler: Or a Merry Dialogue between Sword, Rapier and Dagger, Acted in a Show in the Famous University of Cambridge, A. D. 1615. Edited, with Historical Prologue and Glossarial Epilogue, by Albert Forbes Sieveking, F. R. S., with an Introductory note by Dr. A. W. Ward. Sq. 12mo, de luke, p. 92. Roxburghe, London: C. J. Clay and Sons, Cambridge. The University Press.

156. The Gentle Shakespeare. A Vindication. By John Pym Yeatman, Esq., Barrister at Law, of Lincoln's Inn. The Third Edition Augmented. Birmingham: Moody Brothers. Imperial 8vo, pp. 71-72, xi, 345.

157. Leycester's Commonwealth. A Reprint of the Edition of 1641. Edited by Frank J. Burgoyne, Librarian of the Lambeth Public Libraries. 4to, cloth, p. 247. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.

158. William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man. By Hamilton W. Mabie. New Edition. Cloth, 12°, pp. 16+345; cl., net, $1.00. New York: The Macmillan Co.

159. Tragic Drama in Æschylus, Sophocles and Shakespeare. An Essay by Lewis Campbell, M. A., LL.D., Litt. D., Honorary Fellow of

Baliol College, Oxford, Emeritus Professor of Greek in the University of St. Andrews. 12mo, cloth, p. 275. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

160. The Twentieth Century Shakespeare. Edited by Cyrus Landon Hooper. 16mo, cloth. 7½ x 5½ inches, pp. about 144. One play to a volume. Chicago: Arnsworth & Company.

161. The Arden Shakespeare. Edited by Frederick W. Moorman, B. A., Ph. D. Cloth, 6½ x 4½ inches, pp. about 170. One play to a volume. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

162. The Belle Lettre Series: The White Devil and The Duchess of Malfy. By John Webster. Edited by Martin W. Sampson, Professor of English in Indiana University. Cloth, 4½ by 6¼, pp. 422. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

163. The Napoleon Myth. By Henry Ridley Evans, containing a Reprint of The Grand Erratum by Jean Baptiste Peres, and an introduction by Dr. Paul Carus. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 65, illustrated, Chicago. The Open Court Publishing Company.

164. Noteworthy Opinions, Pro and Con, touching Bacon vs. Shakespeare. Compiled and edited by Edwin Reed, A. M., author of Bacon v. Shakespeare, etc. Roxburghe de luxe. 8vo, pp. 80. Boston: Coburn Publishing Company.

165. Der Namen Die Hamlettragedie, von P. Heinrich. Paper, 8vo, pp. 90. Leipsic: Verlag von E. Haberland.

166. Shakespeare's Marriage. His Departure from Stratford, and Other Incidents in His Life. By Joseph William Gray. Royal 8vo, cloth, pp. 285. London: Chapman and Hall.

167. William Shakespeare's Sonnette, in Deutcher Nachbildung, von Freidrich Bodenstedt. Funfte Ausgabe. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 275. Berlin: N v Decker's Verlag.

168. Shakespeare Ratsel, von Eduard Engel. Paper, pp. 278. Leipsic: Herman Seeman Nachfolger, sq 12mo.

169. Great Englishmen of The Sixteenth Century. By Sidney Lee. Cloth, pp. 387, 8vo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

170. An Impartial Study of the Shakespeare Title, with Facsimiles by John H. Stotsenburg. Cloth, gilt. Royal 850, pp. 530. Louisville, Kentucky: John P. Morton Company.

171. Shakespeare's London. By Henry Thew Stephenson, assistant Professor of English in Indiana University with 40 full-page illustrations from old prints. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 340. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

172. Bell's Miniature series of great writers. Shakespeare. By Alfred

Ewen. 16mo, stamped cloth, pp. 128. Illustrated. London: George Bell & Sons.

170. This is far too valuable and painstaking a work to dismiss with a single more or less conventional review, and we shall hold it for a second notice. But we must call attention to it here in such space as can be spared. By "An Impartial Study of The Shakespeare Title" Judge Stotsenburg does not mean that he is in doubt as to the Shakespearean authorship of the Plays. He is not. He begins by stating in his preface that he does not consider that Shakespeare wrote the plays. The long question he proposes in this book is: "If I am not right in believing that Bacon wrote this Dramatic Literature and these Poems, who did write them?" In discussing this question Judge Stotsenburg betrays no anticipation of cavil and lets no consciousness that he is taking a position of antagonism to most of the learned world, to hurry him out of a deliberate and minute examination of every item in the field of survey. *"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona multi; sed omnes illacrimabiles urguentur;"* and many good writers flourished in the days of the Eighth Henry, Elizabeth and James, who are now scarcely known, or if known at all, are not properly appreciated by the student of English literature. The Elizabethan era, particularly, was prolific of good poets and dramatists, and if the real facts as to the authorship of the Shakespeare plays could be elicited, the student of English literature would revel in fresh literary fields and pastures new. Let us take for an illustration the jolly, jail-environed Thomas Dekker, of whom Whipple says that "it is difficult to understand how a writer capable of such refinements as these should have left no drama which is a part of the classical literature of his country." This great poet is scarcely known by the readers of English poetry. And there is Anthony Monday, whom Meres, in his "Palladis Tamia," eulogizes as "our best plotter" in comedy and tragedy, and who was a great writer of good plays; and yet his name is almost unknown in the history of English literature. Not long ago I wrote to a distinguished official of Lincoln Cathedral to learn some facts as to the poet, Thomas Heywood, who was born in Lincolnshire—a man whom I regard as a great writer and prolific dramatist of the Elizabethan age, and whose comedies are avowedly intended to be pictures of contemporary English life, and, to my surprise, this Lincolnshire scholar and dignitary of the church replied that he had never heard of him."—Now Judge Stotsenburg has heard of Heywood, and some score of others who were writing plays —and good plays, too—in Elizabeth's London—and so he proposes a lit de justice and offers to begin it by a comprehensive examination of Henslowe's Diary, and a theory for working-hypothesis purposes something like this,

to wit: The beginning of Dramatic Literature, as Literature for a Stage to which patrons could be invited by its attractions over bear-bating or the coarser sports, could not at once leap into a competence for the dramatic writers. They could not get anything but a pittance from Henslowe and his kind who took the risks and discounted the more or less forlorn hope in the way of business. But if there was a man who produced plays and wanted material and could afford to take the chances, perhaps such a one could play these new dramatists independently of any Henslowe: and Shakespeare's name (however spelled) does not figure in Henslowe's Diary at all. This then disposes a l'outrance of the objection which Judge Stotsenburg foresees will otherwise (and perhaps anyhow) be urged against his whole argument, namely, that these Elizabethan Dramatists would not have issued the best work anonymously or pseudonomously and acknowledged their least admirable work. That is an inconsequence! Perhaps they did not know it was their best work: or (what is more likely) Shakespeare would not accept and pay them for anything but their best. The work is a portly volume of five hundred compactly printed octavo pages, and will attract large discussion. It is impossible to ignore such careful and conscientious work. To those who read all the anti-Shakespearean Literature, it will be a refreshment to find that there is yet a new view to be taken of the authorship controversy, and that Judge Stotsenburg has taken it. On the theory that a book should be reviewed, if at all, relatively to what its author intended it to be, or attempted to make it, instead of relatively as to what the reviewer thinks it ought to be, or to the reviewer's prior knowledge of its subject matter (that was Macaulay's idea of book-review), we bespeak for this work a most careful examination everywhere!

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All manuscripts submitted *must be type-written.*

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